

April 29, 188.

Marie Darling :-

I have succeeded in slipping away from the ward this noon, long enough to at least start a letter before mess. I stopped at the hospital on the way over, and found a letter from you. I have just finished reading it dear, and I am so happy, for it was a sweet letter. It was written on April's Fool's Day and mailed on the second, so it made pretty good time in getting here. I was so glad to read that you are well and strong now, and taking good care of yourself. It is wonderful that you have good health and you must continue to be careful now, and take no chances of any kind.

You spoke of the long interval between my letters. Well



dearest I think that is because  
a lot of them are lost. No doubt  
a number of mine are lost  
and some of yours too. I have  
written you as near every day  
as has been possible, and  
that means I haven't missed  
many days. But the letter I  
received from you today is the  
first I have had for two days so  
you see dear some of our mail  
doesn't reach its destination. We  
must just keep on sending it  
and be satisfied with what we  
get.

No lover dear, I can't remember  
the exact contents of the box  
which contained the sock you  
knit for me, and which I have  
on now, by the way. I do recall  
that it had some Hershey's choc-



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plate bars and some crystal candles  
from Amiba's. and I also know  
that it was most welcome, and  
useful. I never will cease to  
thank God that I have such  
a wonderful wife. You also  
asked me if I wouldn't like  
to love you and kiss you.  
Honey, I'm surprised! You  
know that there is nothing on  
earth I long for so much as  
for the time when I can take  
you in my arms and show you  
again just how much I love  
you. Because I can't think of  
words to describe my love for  
you I have had some trouble  
in making you realize how



great it is but when I have had the opportunity to show you, you have never been in doubt, have you dearest?

Any way I know we are both just waiting for the time to come, and that when it does come you will have to go some to outstrip mere actual demonstrations of love. Oh: my dear wife, won't it be wonderful to be together again? I can hardly realize the least degree of the joy we will experience. Let's continue to hope and pray every day, that it will be soon. I know that the prayers of a wonderful little woman like you, are bound to be answered. And



then we will be perfectly and  
sincerely happy again and will  
both be surprised that the awful  
hurt of our separation vanishes  
so soon in the joy of reunion.

Now for a little more of  
my favorite topic - the weather.  
It is warmer - raining and  
muddy. There you have it all,  
only I am really thankful  
that it is warmer, because  
we can now be comfortable  
in our tents. You wonder  
why I don't write you more,  
and if I meet my French  
people. Well, I write all  
that the censorship rules  
permit to be told. If others  
are sending more information



home it is because it just gets by - that's all. You know Lou Cavell is a Brigadier General and I'm only a Lieut. but even so I don't see how he puts it over. I am as conscientious as can be about the censor rules because it is a mighty wise precaution and I think every man in the Army should be scrupulous about it. It is one of the many ways to help win the war.

I never meet any people socially over here. I haven't met a woman since I have been in France and haven't seen many, except the nurses in this hospital. There are fifteen



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of them and they are all about  
du miss Welebi's type. I do  
nothing but work, and love  
my wife. Major Lyle is  
very strictly opposed to any-  
thing like a social side to this  
organization so even the other  
fellows don't have the privilege  
of a dance, nor of meeting people.  
I meet lots of French officers  
and they are mighty fine gentle-  
men. I joined the officers' club  
here. It costs me dues of 2 francs  
a month, and we meet all  
sorts of French, British, Italian  
and American officers there.  
I am most scrupulous about  
my habits. Never up in the  
workshop, after taps which  
blows at 9:00 o'clock. I



am in perfect health as a  
result of this regular life,  
and I know that physically  
I will be immensely better  
off for this whole experience.  
Goodbye till after mess dear.

Well, at mess I got stung  
again. Major Morrow wants  
me at once to make rounds  
in his ward and he will give  
me enough work to keep me  
busy for the rest of the day.  
So I will have to close. Loads  
of love and kisses to you  
dearest, and my dear babies.

Daddy.  
1st Lt. Abel B. Smith U.S.A.